

Laurebank Place,
Shawlands,
Glasgow 26th 1879.

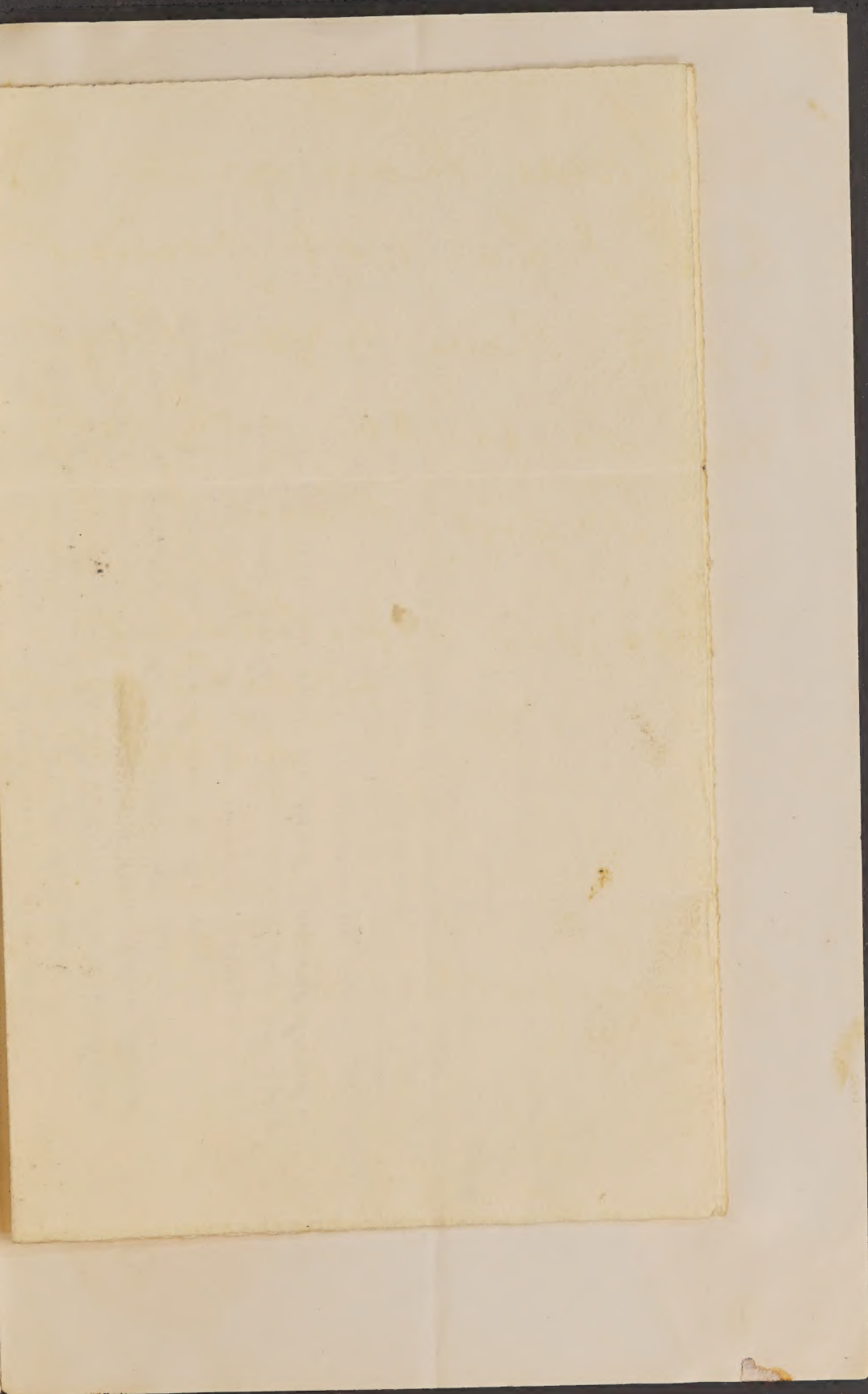
My dear kind old Friend,

I promised to send you
a few lines I wrote in 1870
from some 9 years ago.
Now that I have unearthed
them after such an in-
terval, I feel almost
humiliated at their poverty.
The only thing I can say
in extenuation is that
I have not abated one
iota of my regard for
your father and I only
wish I knew more
of him than I do.

I more than wish
that I had not promised
to send them to you they
are so feeble every way.
Forgive them!

Ever your affectionate &
attached friend
A. Smith

J. Payne Collier Esq. F. S. A.



"November 27th, 1825. - A half hour after midnight
died McCollis. The last two days he was conscious
of his approaching end. On his mentioning a subject
which I thought had better be postponed, I said, "We will leave
that till tomorrow." - "To-morrow?" he exclaimed, "tomorrow?
That may be ages!" These words were prophetic, and the last I
heard from him. He was one of the oldest of my friends."
Henry Crabb Robinson's Diary. Vol 2. p. 301.

I said, "we will tomorrow." The dim eyes
kindled; faintly he said, "Tomorrow? That may
Be ages!" and soon he pass'd away. Shadows of
the tomb were now upon us. We sorrow'd for
him, like those who lose their dearest. He was
In life, "gentle, strong, and valiant"; forward
In kindly courtesies; full of all human
Sympathies; honourable in act; one whose heart
Was right, whose life was pure; true to his friend,
As mailed knight to the banner of his
King. Oft had he help'd us on the way in
Noble sacrifice of self. Here we mourn him;
But he now rests by "pure immortal streams"
Which run for ever in that far-off land.

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